AN EXACT RELATION OF THE Barbarous Murder

COMMITTED ON

LAWRENCE CORDDEL

A Butcher, who was Buryed alive

At *Christ-Church*, on *Fryday* last being the 21 of *June*,
With lamentable Screeks, groans and horrid cryes,
made by him in his Grave on *Sunday* night,
and the sad, wounded and mortyfy'd
condition he was taken up in
on *Munday*, *June* 24.

Also the Examination and Confession of

His Land-Lord and Land-Lady (*William Cook* and his Wife, at *Pill-cock-Lane* in *Newgate-Market*) before the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of *LONDON*, by whom they were both Committed to *NEW-GATE*.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Jones*, and are to be sold at the *Royall Exchange* in *Cory-hill*, 1661.

A TRUE

RELATION

OF

A Butcher in Pilcork-lane, who was buryed alive on *Frydar* last, at *Christ-Church*, being the 21 of *June* 1661.

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The truth of this horrid act was in brief as followeth, viz.

That the person that was thus inhumanly dealt of was by name *Lawrence Cordial*, by Trade a Butcher of *London*, imployed at several Slaughter-houses both at *Smithfield* Barrs, and also in the *Shambles*, and by report a man that hath had many fits of the Falling-sickness, which he hath been troubled several years.

Upon *Thursday* last being the 21 of this present month, he being late out, at length came home full of drink to his Lodging which was at one *William Cook's* house a Chandler in *Pill-cock* Lane, near adjacent to the *Shambles* at *Newgate* Market, and there was entertained very jocundly by *Jezebel* his fat Landlady; who to raise her one stock by the sins of the people was always willing to keep her tap going to any such noble Customers as he, who was easily perswaded to spend all in her service.

But when he had received as much of the creature, nay more then he could well bear, he took his way to bed, yet in such a condition that he was unable to help himself, for he could not make himself unready, but when one Stocking was off, he could not pull off the other, so he was fain to ly in it all night.

On *Fryday* Morning Mris Impudence his fat Land-lady, not finding him up to give her a mornings draught, was inquisitive to know where he was, and going to his chamber he seemed to be dead, but yet withal somewhat warm, yet she strongly reported that he had no life in him, (which doubtless was her desire) to effect which she bought a Coffin, for which she was well paid with the money he left; nevertheless to blind the world she sold his cloths the very same Fryday.

This being done the Searchers came to see the Corps, and feeling him warm said, *There is life in him yet, therefore we wish you to forbear the buriel of him for the present.* So did the

the poor honest man her husband desire her, *That she would not bury him so soon but let him ly till next day.*

All this would not prevaile with her, for she told him, *that her neighbours advised her otherwise, therefore he would bury him out of hand.*

Thus having the better of him by wearing the Breches, she like a Mr. of Mis-rule invited whom she pleased to the burryal, which was in the afternoon performed with what secresie she possibly could, neither of his sisters being invited to it, or any friend of his whatsoever so much as acquainted therewith till the *Sunday* at night following, that they heard of it by the report of the people that heard the rumour about it in *Christ-Church*.

Thus this wicked piece of Mortality thought to have smothered this her wicked enterprise. But yet the crying sin of blood could not be hid, though it lay obscure all the Saturday following; for upon *Sunday* the three and twentieth instant, several people coming from *Christ-Church* towards the place of Burial, they heard a sad noise as it were the groanings of a dying man, about the place where the said *Lawrence Cordel* was buried, upon which the multitude encreased, several people approaching to the place, to hear this dolefnl sound.

The people listning diligently heard lamentable Screeks, sad crys and a rumbling noise, and after inquiry who was buryed there, it was declared to be the Butcher that lay at Mr. *Cooks* in *Pit cock* Lane.

Whereupon night drawing on the multitude decreased, but some of them spake to the Sexton to dig up the Grave, but he told them he could not without order, wherefore they all went home for that night, by this means his sisters came to understand the sad and lamentable suffering of their brother, who lay in this miserable torture till the next Morning to the great grief of them, and the wonderful amazement of some who lived near the Church-yard, to whose restless ears the sad groans of their poor brother did ascend that night.

Yesterday

Yesterday being *Monday* several persons living about *Christ Church*, gave further information that they heard in the night seasong several groans and lamentable screeks, making great complaint that he was not taken up that he might, if possible be preserved.

Whereupon order being given for opening the grave, one *George Day* the grave-maker at St. *Gileses Cripplegate*, did with much diligence (by the assistance of some others) take up the Corps, and laid it ready for the view of the Crowners many hundreds of people flocking thither to see the same, which indeed was a sad and lamentable spectacle to the eye of each Spectator.

For in the grave he had so mortified himself that hardly a place was free in his body from bruises, his head wounded, his Face beaten flat, his Arms, bruised, his belly, back sides and Leggs and feet were sad to behold for any one that had but the least spark of Christianity.

The horrioness of this inhumane burial being taken into consideration, Messengers were sent to *Pil-cock* lane, who were not backward in a work of so high concernment, but did with all expedition hasten thither, and seated on his barbarous Land-lady, who with Mr. *Cook* her husband was brought before the Lord Mayor, and being examined why he buried him so soon, he answered, That he would not have had his wife bury him till *Saturday*, but she would be Master whether he would or no. And after examination their *Mittimus* was made, and immediatly they were conveyed by the Officers to *New-gate*, upon suspicion of murthering the said Butcher.

In which place she is to continue till the next Sessions, at which time if she do not give a better account then she hath done, no doubt but justice will be inflicted according to her deserts.

The house he lay in hath an ill report amongst neighbours, it being a place frequented by many persons of little or no credit, and a house of ill Orders and ill hours, which adds somewhat more to this horrid act.

This is a true account of the barbarous and inhumane burial of this poor man whose horrid murther cry'd aloud for vengeance, and may well be a warning to all covetous minded muck-worms, that they be careful hereafter how they ever hereafter have a hand in the death of any such person, by putting them in the ground so soon after their departure; for nothing can be so secretly done, but their is an omnipotent power that will make it known, though by such means as cannot be imagined by us poor mortals. The sin of blood being a crying sin, that will surely be repay'd, and fall heavy on the heads of those that shall conceale such horrid cruelties.

Therefore it behoves all men to be careful how they are mastered by their wives, and are silent in such cruelties, least they suffer for their inhumane practises, from doing which the Lord deliver all good Christians.

FINIS